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MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1910.

The Crippen Trial.

The thing that seems to astonish the American public is the expeditious manner in which the case of Dr. Crippen, a cause celebre, was disposed of in the British criminal court. It is scarcely two months ago that the facts of the murder in London became known. There followed in rapid sequence the flight of the accused and his paramour, his chase, aided by wireless, the impeding of the jury, which took about two hours, his trial, which lasted less than a week, and his conviction and his sentence to be hanged.

It is of mighty little use to comment on a case so full of horrors as this one unless, as a people, we are willing to take advantage of the lesson it teaches us. The one reason we wonder at the speedy outcome of this case is because it is so vastly different from what the procedure would have been on this side. Here we should have had an interminable series of delays. It would have taken weeks to secure a jury; there would have been dozens of experts—the question of that greswome scar on the remains that were found would have lasted our lawyers several weeks—and if any one of our criminal court judges had dared to be as outspoken to the jury as was Chief Justice Lord Alverstone in the Crippen case the whole case would have been appealed on those grounds alone.

Only the other day, when the International Prison Congress was in session in this city, it was stated that only seven out of every hundred murderers were hanged in this country. Ninety-three out of a hundred who are caught and brought to trial escape on some technicality. It is juggling with the law; using it as a weapon to play with, as if its statutes and rules were counters in a game, that brings our law into that disrespect which is accountable not only for many crimes, but also for our many lynchings; for such fantastic imaginings as "the unwritten law," for the sickly sentimentalities that mark much of our practice; for the well-established belief among a great majority of our people that rich men, men with the ability to hire able counsel, are, to all intents and purposes, above the law, beyond its reach.

In England, so fixed is the respect for law, so firm and just its administration, that it is a truth and not a platitude that "all men are equal before the law." Oscar Wilde, prominent literary genius and pet of society, is as ruthlessly tried and condemned to picking oakum as any cheap housebreaker or pickpocket. Mrs. Maybrick, a woman of wealth and with hosts of friends and able to command at least semi-official pleas from this side of the Atlantic, is tried, condemned, and made to serve twenty years in prison.

England has about one-tenth as many laws as we have on this side of the Atlantic, but what laws she has she enforces. The one concession English law made to the notoriety of the Crippen case was to assign the Lord Chief Justice to the case—its best judge. And he proved himself a judge, not merely a president of a legal debating society. Much that was most illuminating in the facts of the case the judge brought out after the counsel had finished, and when the trial was over he presented both sides of the case to the jury so that there could be no mistake.

If we in America are to have a greater respect for the law, if we are to be a more law-abiding people, it will be because those in authority see that the technicalities are swept away so that no more shall the trial of a brutal murderer be allowed to cost the state hundreds of thousands of dollars; that we shall cease to juggle with terms, and get to facts, sternly, without sentimentality—serving out justice with an even hand.

Every time the Republican ship of state seems in danger of foundering they jettison some more of that Saratoga platform.

Street Sounds and Other Noises.

The Britisher, fresh from a visit to Australia, who somewhat paradoxically remarked that the thing that impressed him most on his return was "the silence of London," could hardly have had the effects of the jingle of the screw and the throb of the engine out of his recollection. And it was Wordsworth who beautifully embodied similar impressions of that city in one of his best known sonnets, wherein he cried, "Great God! the very houses seem asleep!" as he crossed Westminster Bridge at 4 o'clock in the morning.

Certain it is that the pulsating life of American cities leaves no such impression upon our people.

Yet not a few of us, fresh from the disillusioning experiences of country life

and suburban calm, have recollections that rob Gray's elegy of all poetic charm, at least so far as the soothing effects of the hooting owl, the lowing herd, and the cock's shrill clarion are concerned. And not a whit less disenchanted are the sounds of the sweet (?) bells, jangled out of tune, that came rudely upon half-conscious ears at daybreak from the near-by pasture. There is little doubt that an expression of public opinion of the relative sleeping comforts might show a surprising preponderance in favor of the city over the country during the wee small hours.

Washington, to a cosmopolitan American, seems particularly well favored in the comparative quiet and freedom from the tantalizing daybreak distractions from which so many other cities suffer. The enforcement of sane city ordinances, the good asphalt pavements, the great number of rubber-tired vehicles, and the fact that it is not a bustling factory town—all contribute a share to the degree of quiet that does reign during the night and early morning. But even that statement does not carry with it any implication that there is even now no room for improvement.

Curious as it may seem, there are really two or three "eminent" lawyers in the country who have escaped being named as possibilities for Supreme Court justices.

An Easy Swindle.

The facility with which a swindle may be perpetrated on the commercially alert and astute has been again demonstrated by the experience of one banking firm and a jewelry house in Washington. A man posing as a lieutenant commander of the United States navy, and giving a name as such not to be found in the official Navy Register, succeeded in getting away with \$3,000 worth of United States bonds and a \$50 diamond ring. He did this by means of forged certified checks and by telling a plausible story to the local bankers that he did not want cash, but preferred some good negotiable paper, as he was about to go abroad on a prolonged trip and did not wish to carry with him a large amount of money. The man's appearance bore out his story, as he was suitably arrayed and bore himself "with a military air and general look of prosperity and refinement."

The performance compels a certain sort of admiration, for the reason that it was conducted with such success in a city where the facilities of verifying the stranger's story and identifying him were ample. He could have been promptly detected for the sharper that he is by recourse to telephonic communication with the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department, from which it would have been made known that there was no such person on the active or retired list bearing the name given by the swindler. It was altogether a daring act, and its complete success was due to that fact. It is safe to say that a man of honest intentions would have great difficulty in accomplishing the same thing, or, at least, would have been at once subjected to suspicions that would have led to a reasonable amount of investigation. It is well that prompt and complete publicity be given to an incident of this character, however disclaimed the victims may be to have their mistakes advertised. The newspaper disclosure serves as a warning which will interfere with the further operations of the confidence man, and it has the additional effect of stimulating precautionary measures, although the honest citizen who wants a good check cashed may find his object deferred with what appears to him unnecessary suspicion.

Those Roosevelt speeches in Indiana may yet prove to have been Senator Beveridge's equilibrators.

The Fate of King Manuel.

When, owing to the revolution in his kingdom and the practical overturning of the monarchical system in Portugal, King Manuel had to fly for his life, there were many places on the continent of Europe where he could have found refuge. But most prompt in offering aid was Great Britain, which sent the royal yacht Victoria and Albert to Gibraltar, whither the young King had taken temporary asylum. In preference to Cadiz, in the neighboring kingdom of Spain.

Ever since he came to the throne young Manuel of Portugal has been popular in England, and there is no doubt as to the welcome he will be accorded by English people. Before marrying the late King Carlos, his mother, Queen Amelia, lived in England for many years, for it was the residence of her father, the Comte de Paris, during his long exile from France.

It was plain from the beginning that Great Britain has little or no intention of recognizing the republic of Portugal. When King Manuel was received on board the royal yacht, the war ships and the facts saluted him with the honors due to a reigning monarch, and the same salvoes of artillery greet him on his arrival at Albion's shore.

There have been a good many criticisms in this country of our State Department because we, the largest republic on earth, have not been quick to recognize the latest addition to the republics of the world. Yet, after all, it would seem that it might be the part of wisdom not to be too precipitate in the matter. It is very evident that the stronger governments of Europe do not by any means consider the republic of Portugal an fait accompli.

While it is probable that none of the monarchies of Europe will go to lend any overt helping hand to King Manuel in his effort to maintain the Braganza dynasty, it is already evident that they by no means consider the cause of monarchism quite lost in Portugal. In fact, the situation presents a peculiar if not unique phase. No longer do we find the deposed King seeking to recover his lost glory by armed force. In any event, there is to be, we are sure, no invasion of Portugal nor fighting. If the republic is to be overturned, it is to be done from the inside, and through modern, up-to-date political methods, with ballots for weapons instead of bullets.

The Duke Michael of Braganza, who is the rival claimant of the throne, has already pledged his followers to co-operate in every way against the overthrow of the present republic. It is by no means

FREDERIC THE GREAT AND HIS REVENGE

Impossible that the Portuguese monarchy may be restored by the people themselves. It is not so long ago, be it remembered, that Spain established a republic which started apparently with every prospect of success. There followed a year of anarchy, disorder, and revolution, and of their own accord the Spanish people called back the exiled dynasty to the throne. The Latin peoples are mercenary, sentimentalists, dreamers, impracticable. There is no assurance, either in the character of the people or in the history of the Portuguese nation, that they can succeed in self-government where Spain failed. The great mass of Portuguese people are ignorant and illiterate, and to them the question of the form of government under which they reside is at best a matter of indifference. Much depends upon the loyalty of the army, which in itself was the most powerful factor in the overthrow of the kingdom.

It is probable that the first general election held in Portugal will tell the tale. It may well be that the nation will divide itself into two parties—royalists and anti-royalists. Should the royalists win, they will have little difficulty either in disbanding the disloyal army or making it obey the will of the majority. In that case, King Manuel, who in the meantime will enjoy a comfortable holiday in England, will be called back to take up his interrupted duties as ruler of the destinies of Portugal. If, in the meantime, the United States should have officially recognized a republic too inherently weak to sustain itself, our position would be, to say the least, embarrassing.

"When Greek meets Greek" it probably means that the shoe-shining parlors are closed for the evening.

Well, anyhow, it must have been a pretty brave cat to dare attempt that albatross voyage from America to England.

It may be that both Beveridge and Lodge will be sacrificed to make a Roosevelt holiday.

An Indiana mule kicked a motor cycle clear across the road the other day. They always take a sensible view of things in Indiana.

They have so many "fly men" in New York it's no wonder that city gave an enthusiastic welcome to Walter Wellman.

The Baroness Hermione von Preuschen says the best thing about American men is their honesty. On the contrary, madame, the best thing about most of them is their wives.

It is only in simple justice that Paris has invented double hats for ladies. We have too long been paying double prices for them.

Our friend Charlie Gaston sent us this: That baseball aggregation that call themselves the Cubs. Should have moved one letter further on and named themselves the Dubs.

A Harvard professor says he has discovered that doves can talk. They love stories to each other, but are sensible enough not to write love letters.

Now that the world's series is over we can pay a little attention to the new football rules.

We can imagine few things more interesting than a joint debate between Nic. Longworth and the lady suffragist who is in the field against him.

A whipping post in Delaware, it is reported, has the sign "Welcome" on it. But who wants to go to Delaware?

First it was the stable, then the garage, and pretty soon it will be the hangar—whatever that may mean in English.

It may be a sign of fame to get your name in the New York Hall of Fame, and then again, as in the case of Edgar Allan Poe, it may be the poet that makes the place famous.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," but Walter Wellman's piece-meal flight was not one of them.

We would at least like to be able to trust the milk.

Maybe the reason that hurricanes did not cause more destruction or alarm is that we are getting used to the excess of wind.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

UNEXPECTED WISDOM.

I wooed a girl,
A perfect queen,
A precious pearl
Of sweet sixteen.

To me she said
"I was not her plan
To ever wed
A poet man."

So I surmise
That she was keen
And very wise
For just sixteen.

Wealthy Eating.

"The doctor asked me if I ate much meat. I side-stepped the question."

"You should have told him the truth about your diet."

"Aw, he was just trying to find out if I'm wealthy."

The Uplift in Plankville.

"How about this barefoot cat you've booked for the op'ry house? Some of the leading citizens are a little worried about it."

"We have suppressed all the objectionable features."

"That's just it. We was afeerd you would."

Strong Evidence.

"What makes you think he had been to a drinking party?"

"He came home," sobbed the young wife, "wearing a phonograph horn for a hat."

Poor Policy.

That life has been a failure
Some hasten to confess.
They'd rather shirk than go to work
And make it a success.

Out of Place.

"These stage snowstorms are all alike."

"What would you? Can't expect 'em to cut a snowstorm loose in the drawing-room scene."

It Fills a Void.

"He complains that he has nothing to live for."

"I thought he had an automobile."

The Next Best.

"I want a boy to carry a message in a hurry. One who won't read a dime novel on the way."

"Can't fill that bill, sir, but here's a boy who will finish his book in a couple of chapters."

FREDERIC THE GREAT AND HIS REVENGE

Only few of the many tourists who admire the "neue palais" beyond "San Souci," on the outskirts of Potsdam, the quaint residence town of the Prussian kings, when business of state does not detain them at Berlin, know its history, and yet over its marble portals it will might have inscribed the legend, "It-venge is sweet, even to kings."

Frederic the Great built it at the conclusion of his many wars. "To show his enemies that despite the seven years' war against Austria his exchequer was not exhausted." He did more—he showed his contempt for the countries which had sought to crush him, and the contemporary press of his capital made no secret of it.

The first thing the visitor sees when leaving the Grosse Allee, the avenue lined with poplar and oak, which leads through a verdant country, fifty from San Souci to the "neue palais," is the front facade of marble of the castle, set amid a grove of tall shade trees, for all the world like the clearing made by a frontiersman of America when building a home in the virgin forest. A fountain plays forever through the mouth of a Triton upon flower beds, and the absolute quiet of the scene is punctured only by the steady tramp to and fro of the two grenadier guardsmen who protect the entrance whenever royalty is present.

Glancing across the vista of the marble front, the tourist perhaps may remark upon the simplicity of the architecture. It is simple, just plain, polished marble from Carrara, but that brownish-white stone which so resembles alabaster and is so very rare. That front wall tells its own story. But let the tourist raise his eyes and take in the group that tops the cupola over the center portal, surrounded by a balustrade. He will see three women dancing together. That group was the great Frederic's revenge, for the figures represent none other than Maria Theresa, his arch enemy and Empress of Austria-Hungary; Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, and Mme. de Pompadour!

Now, please imagine, if you can, the wrath of the two Emperresses, the two foremost women of that age, at finding themselves depicted in such an attitude, and—horrible detail!—in such company.

Frederic was a man who knew no restraint with his revenge. The two Emperresses earnestly had endeavored to crush the "petit Marquis de Brandenburg." Both had sent armies upon armies against the man who had to fight for what he considered his right, single handed against the terrible odds of such powerful allies, the two most-feared armies of Europe.

Not satisfied with harassing the King and his handful of men seven years, the two Emperresses had perfected a triple alliance by making common cause with France—that is, with Louis XIV—and just as soon as Frederic congratulated himself at having beaten or escaped one ally he was confronted by the second, and had the third in his flank or rear.

And here is where Mme. Pompadour comes in. Both Emperresses knew that the way to the French King's ear lay only through the good offices of his mistress, the notorious wife of an obscure actor, who preceded the great Mme. de Maitenon in the affections of the "grand monarque." Neither of them hesitated a moment to make use of the woman to gain their ends—the sending of an army to destroy Frederic and his overworked soldiers. The latter's arguing when planning that group was correct and logical. If these two high-toned wearers of imperial crowns were not ashamed to conspire with a woman of the camp of La Pompadour (who, by the way, was the originator of the style of hairdress known as "pompadour"), they ought to be ridiculed publicly. So he turned their private conspiracy into a public caricature.

Incidentally, the great Frederic had enough of revenge on the three confederates on the field of battle, and the facts that he then performed have gone down to history as the greatest achievements of his reign, as those of Caesar or Alexander, outshining the deeds of Napoleon, and even those of Moltke, who had railroads, telegraph, and all modern improvements to aid him. At Leuthen Frederic was confronted by 60,000 Austrians, under Loudon, the pick of the army, flanked by guerrilla troops, composed of Croats and Pandurs, terrible folk to fight. He had but 30,000 men, all but worn out after a strenuous campaign that knew no rest.

Yet he whipped them so badly that they fled in terror, crying that 100,000 Prussians were at their heels. And how did Frederic accomplish this wonder? By adopting the plan of Caesar, called the "phalanx" wedge, the regiments placed in battle on attack so as to appear like a column miles long.

Tom Leuthen Frederic took his handful of men by forced marches from Silesia into Brandenburg, met the Russians, who thought him defeated by the superior forces of the Austrians, and beat them so quickly and so thoroughly at Zorndorf that the haughty Catharine had to beg for peace to get her men out of the country and safely back to Russia. Yet that was not all. Frederic allowed himself no rest. Again he crossed into another province, surprised the French army, which had not even heard of the routing of their allies, and at Rossbach gave them such a licking that they fled in sheer terror, never stopping to take breath until the French frontier, about 20 miles off, was reached. And how the victorious Prussians reveled in the camp outfits of the French dandies, who had women, beds, powder boxes, a fine cuisine, and all sorts of luxuries with them to annihilate "le marquis de Brandenburg."

The news that this famous rendezvous of the Prussian Guard, the Tempelhof Field, near Berlin, where Emperor William paraded the flower of his great army before Roosevelt in the spring, has been sold, comes as a genuine surprise. Never again will William review his picked troops there or lead them back through his capital when the parade is over, amid the plaudits of his admiring subjects. When the Tempelhof Field was acquired about a century ago by the army council, it was far away from the center of the town, but now, owing to the extraordinary growth of Berlin, it has become encircled by houses and factories and is not of much use for the purpose for which it was bought.

Incidentally, the military officials have made one of the most astounding business bargains. In 1815 they bought this field from farmers for the paltry sum of 80,000 marks. Now they have sold it for 72,000,000 marks; surely a record deal for a governmental department. FLANIER. (Copyright, 1910, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Has a Good Substitute.

From the Cleveland Leader.

"I'm so sorry about it, but my husband actually hates music."

"How strange!"

"Isn't it? His prejudice is so strong that he has to jump up and leave the theatre whenever the orchestra is playing an 'entr'acte'."

BEATS RIP VAN WINKLE.

When Memory Returns, Woman Learns She's Grandchild.

Red Oak (Iowa) Correspondence New York World.

With her mind a blank to what was transpiring around her and theoretically buried alive in a hospital for the incurably insane for twenty-one years, while her family left as young children, grew up, and, marrying, scattered over the country, and then to suddenly awaken to sanity and once again take up the threads of her life, an old woman, and to hold in her arms the children of her children, as old or older than she herself, which she left over a score of years ago, is the experience of Mrs. Jacob Kreiger, of Red Oak.

To-day, a sweet-faced, white-haired old lady, she is living at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Edward Swiger, whom she last saw as a child of fourteen years. She is becoming acquainted with her grandchildren, while her husband, now an old man in feeble health, is speeding home from Washington to join the wife of his youth.

Twenty-one years ago Mrs. Kreiger, then a woman of thirty-eight, with a family of three daughters and one son, ranging in years from five to fourteen years, was suddenly stricken with religious insanity. She was taken to an asylum by her husband, and at first it was thought that the dementia was of but a temporary nature.

As the years passed, instead of improving, Mrs. Kreiger gradually grew worse until, despairing of her ultimate recovery, she was finally sent to an asylum for incurables, at Clarinda. There, as the long years have rolled over her head, she has lived oblivious to everything in life, while her family has grown up. Time, the great necromancer, has placed its seal upon them, and to-day the children whom she left are men and women of middle age, married and with children older than those from whom she was taken.

It was about a year ago that physicians at the institute noticed that the woman, with whose peculiarities they had become familiar, was showing periods of lucidity. These periods gradually became longer, and finally her condition became such that she was placed in a cottage provided for probationaries. There her return to complete sanity was accomplished.

When her two daughters, who live in Red Oak, came to visit her she was timid and hesitated at first, feeling strangely toward these middle-aged women, who they told her were her children. In the end, as her reason became stronger, she finally accepted things as they were, and a few days ago was brought back to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Edward Swiger, at Red Oak, where she is to-day.

EVERYONE KNOWS HOW.

Running a Newspaper the Easiest Thing in the World, in Theory.

From the Washington Post.

Men who make newspapers sometimes believe that their profession is an exacting one. They are wrong. It is the simplest calling. Making a newspaper is an easy trick. Anybody can do it. A lawyer with only a diploma and a brass sign, who would lose a suit even if the other side was ready to confess judgment, will tell you how to run a newspaper.

A physician who would send his patient to the morgue before the prescription has been filled will know all about the fine points of making a newspaper. An actor that never earned any other plaudits than a soft tomato will give instructions in handling the world's news. An old lady who knows enough to get off a street car backward has positive opinions on it. Even a society person who never paid anything but calls or made anything but a visit, did anything but a tailor, knows how stupid those men are who write "stories," edit "copy," wrestle with "heads" that won't fit and get the paper out on time. One reason for the universal perfection in the news trade among those who do not work at all is that everybody has been employed in it. It is a most unusual thing to meet a man who, when the occasion seems ripe, will not say, "I used to be a newspaper man myself." Every time a man works his country editor for a puff on the strength of a big pumpkin, he graduates into Journalism. When he writes a "piece" for the Squash County Clarion about a most enjoyable entertainment he completes his postgraduate course in newspaper work, and when he writes a communication on both sides of the paper to the editor he becomes a thirty-third degree member of the Tribe of Scribe. That so many men have abandoned literature for law, medicine, and other easy walks of life simply shows that many men would rather fall in one thing than another.

A Clear Band Collection.

From the London Chronicle.

The hobbies of the rich collectors are sometimes as silly as those of the street boy. A French banker who died recently left a collection of 62,000 cigar bands, each differing in some particular from the others. These had cost him fifty years of smoking and had been arranged systematically in a number of specially constructed cabinets. None of his children shared his taste, so it was decided to sell the bands. When put up to auction the collection which had entailed the expenditure of so much time and money realized 20 francs.

Strictly Cash in Advance.

From Post.

Poet—How much are your furnished room, please?

Landlady—One dollar per night. Suicide with gas, 50 cents extra!

PAYING THE PIPER.

Bound fast by rigid laws, we test the chains
With rank impatience, and would fain be free;
Grumbling we lose, but smiling take our gains;
We love the pleasures, but we hate the fee.
That is the law laid down by which we live;
This, we must face—smiling and unafraid;
Nothing we gain, but from ourselves we give;
If you would dance, the Piper must be paid!

Have you not noted, in the leafy lanes
Where lovers carve initials on a tree,
Walk hand in hand, two loving, care-free swains—
As happy as the flowers they dare to be.
How short it lasts—for love will fly away;
The leafy lane sees but a weeping maid;
She thought that life was naught but love and play;
If you would dance, the Piper must be paid!

And so with men; not one of us but deigns
To sail with hopeful eyes life's pleasant sea;
Greeting all ecstasies; despising pains;
Content to-day with what may chance to be.
Too soon, alas! we wake, and with a thrill
We note how fast Youth's happy years do fade;
Here stands old age; in his grim hand the bill;
If you would dance, the Piper must be paid!

L'Envoi.

Prince! Even with its drawbacks life is rich and fine;
I will conform to plans the Master laid;
My bill I'll pay when they present it—mine;
If we would dance, the Piper must be paid!

HECTOR FULLER.

TINKERING THE CONSTITUTION.

Needs of To-day Not Thoroughly Covered in Century-Old Laws.

Mrs. Hastings in the New York American.

In Portugal just now they are having an old-fashioned revolution embellished with castle bombardments and disgusting royal love affairs. In the United States we are having a more peaceable and more deliberate, but none the less important, political regeneration.

The man who thinks the form of government selected in the year 1789 for a pioneer nation of 3,000,000 souls to be perfectly adapted and wholly adequate for the highly civilized and super-commercialized America of 1910 is scarcely less benighted politically than the royalists of Portugal or Spain.

The latter are shackled by the fetish of hereditary kingship; the former by a sentiment of forefather worship which endows men of the past with the superhuman ability of constructing a form of government adapted to social and economic conditions of which they had no more conception than a Roman gladiator had of the aviation meet at Belmont Park.

There is a proper and a useful form of that patriotic sentiment which links the constitution and the flag, and that is in a reverence for the spirit of liberty and democracy which our constitutions, federal, State, and municipal, were drafted to establish, and the true spirit of which can be maintained only by repeated re-adjustment of the forms of government to the changing needs of a changing society.

Concrete images stick firmly in the human mind. The wooden god—the ancient document—the outgrown baby dress—throughout the length and breadth of life dead forms encumber while the spirit eludes us.

The men who manipulate the political wires from mahogany furnished offices and sack the cash behind bronze doors know this is our weakness. They and their hirelings hold aloft the idols of precedent and shout of patriotism and prate of law and order, thus to dispel our desire to re-establish the rule of the people by reconstructing the mechanism of government.

The huge industrial corporations of the country are untiring constitution tinkers when it comes to the readjustment and improvement of the methods and mechanisms by which their corporate ambitions are attained. In fact, they employ the most expert brains that universities can train and money can hire for the purpose of keeping their corporate machinery tinkered up to the highest possible efficiency.

But these same corporations pay other brainy men, called politicians, editors, and cartoonists, to oppose and decry the changing of the mechanism of the government, the corporations which belong to the people, because they know that such readjustment to modern needs means efficiency, and that the private corporation which exists for the profit of the few prospers directly in proportion to the inefficiency of the public corporation, which should serve the many.

Nine men out of ten who have given the matter any serious consideration will concede that